ECLIPSE
MIRACLEMAN
№1 75¢/U.K.50p CAN. $1.00
REBIRTH
by ALAN MOORE
and GARRY LEACH

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 1:

1956

AN AGE OF LINGERING INNOCENCE.
AN AGE OF GOLDEN DREAMS. AN AGE FOR THE...

MIRACLEMAN FAMILY

THE *FUTURE:* WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE? CAN EVEN ***THE MIGHTIEST MEN IN THE UNIVERSE*** PROTECT US FROM ITS ONSLAUGHT?

IT IS *1981*, 25 YEARS IN OUR FUTURE, AND *KOMMANDANT GARRER* OF THE *SCIENCE GESTAPO* IS SCHEMING WITH HIS *ATOMIC STORM TROOPERS*...

BAH! THE *UNITED EARTH GOVERNMENT* FOIL OUR PLANS TO ENSLAVE THE WORLD OF *TODAY!* LET US BOARD OUR *CHRONO CRUISERS* AND GO TO CONQUER THE WORLD OF *YESTERDAY!*

SET THE CONTROLS FOR *1956!* OUR *TECHNICAL SUPERIORITY* WILL *CRUSH* THOSE *PRIMITIVES!* WHY, THEY HAVEN'T EVEN DISCOVERED *EXON RAYS* YET!

HA HA HA!

ROAR

BEWARE, GOLDEN AGE OF THE *PAST! A FUTURISTIC DOOM* APPROACHES!

IN *1956*, YOUNG *JOHNNY BATES* IS OUT WALKING...

HMM! GETTING *LATE!* I'D BETTER *HURRY* IF I'M TO BE BACK AT THE *ORPHANAGE* BEFORE *DARK!*

SUDDENLY....

RAM BOM

HOLY MACARONI! WHAT ON EARTH WAS THAT?

I'LL BET IT MEANS *INNOCENT PEOPLE* ARE IN *TROUBLE*...

...AND *THAT* MEANS *I* COULD BE *NEEDED!*

IT IS GARRER AND HIS ARMY WHO HAVE LANDED!

WOW! GET A LOAD OF THAT!

A PORT OPENS, AND...

BOW, UNDERLINGS! BOW TO YOUR NEW MASTERS— OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!

BUT THE LOCALS SEEM MORE AMUSED THAN ALARMED...

HA HA! SPACE ROCKETS, JUST LIKE IN DAN DARE! MUST BE A HOAX!

SO! YOU THINK OUR CHRONO-CRUISERS ARE A JOKE? LET'S SEE IF OUR EXON RAYS AMUSE YOU AS MUCH!

BLIMEY! WHAT SORT OF WEAPON IS THAT?

YOU SEE? AS WE DESTROY YOUR HOMES, SO SHALL WE DESTROY YOU!

KNEEL, PRIMITIVES, BEFORE THE SCIENCE GESTAPO!

HOLY MACARONI! LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

MIRACLEMAN!

UPON SPEAKING HIS HERO'S NAME, JOHNNY BATES IS TRANSFORMED BY ATOMIC POWER INTO KID MIRACLEMAN!

WOOF

EASY WITH THOSE TOYS, BUSTER! YOU'LL HURT SOMEONE, BUT IT WON'T BE ME!

IMPUDENT BRAT! WE'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU! WHA..? NO EFFECT?

I THINK YOU'LL FIND A LITTLE OF THIS MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE!

BUT MORE TIME MACHINES LAND, DISGORGING THE WARRIORS FROM THE FUTURE. THE KID HAS HIS HANDS FULL!

DESTROY HIM, STORM TROOPERS OF THE **ATOM!** HE IS **OUTNUMBERED!**

UH-OH! **MORE** OF THEM... ARRIVING EVERY **SECOND!** MAYBE TOO MANY FOR EVEN **ME** TO HANDLE... WITHOUT **ASSISTANCE!**

...BUT BY SEARCHING AT **ATOMIC SPEED** MAYBE I CAN FIND JUST **THAT!**

THE KID QUICKLY LOCATES DICKY DAUNTLESS OF THE TRANSATLANTIC MESSENGER SERVICE...

DICKY, THERE'S **TROUBLE!** YOUR **OTHER SELF** IS NEEDED!

JOHNNY? BUT... OH WELL. IF YOU **SAY** SO...

...ALTHOUGH I'VE **TOLD** YOU NEVER TO CALL ME AT **WORK!**

SHOUTING HIS HERO'S NAME, DICKY RECEIVES THE **ATOMIC POWERS** GRANTED TO HIM BY THE GREAT **ASTRO-PHYSICIST GUNTAG BORGHELM...**

MIRACLEMAN!

HE BECOMES THE **MIGHTIEST BOY IN THE UNIVERSE... YOUNG MIRACLEMAN!**

WOOF

TOGETHER THEY FLY OFF, AND THE KID QUICKLY EXPLAINS THE SITUATION...

FIVE THOUSAND OF THEM? WHERE ARE THEY **COMING** FROM?

I DON'T **KNOW!** MAYBE THEY'LL OBLIGE US WITH SOME **ANSWERS...**

RIGHT! I THINK **THESE** TWO **BEAUTIES** MIGHT BE PERSUADED TO **TALK...**

OOPS! NOT **THIS** ONE... I'VE ACCIDENTALLY BROKEN HIS **JAW!**

BUT NO SOONER DO THE INVADERS HIT THE GROUND THAN THEY RECOVER!

I DON'T GET IT! THEY SHOULD STAY OUT FOR HOURS! I'M NOT PULLING MY PUNCHES!

NOR AM I! WHAT SAY WE GRAB ONE OF THESE CHARACTERS AND ASK SOME QUESTIONS?

GREAT IDEA! THIS GUY WILL DO FOR A START! EASY, PAL!

HOW IS IT THAT YOU'RE ABLE TO WITHSTAND OUR HAMMERING?

TERRIFIED, THE TROOPER EXPLAINS...

WE COME FROM 1981... DECADES IN YOUR FUTURE! WE HAVE WEAPONS THAT CAN TURN WHOLE CITIES TO DUST!

"EVEN NOW OUR LEADER'S ATOMIC STORM TROOPERS ARE ARRIVING IN YOUR WORLD'S OTHER NATIONS. RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!"

PARIS.

PARIS HAS FALLEN TO THE SCIENCE GESTAPO! ON TO WASHINGTON!

SAIGON!

HAH! OUR FUTURISTIC WEAPONS BURN THEIR HOMES AND CROPS! THEY ARE DEFEATED!

IN THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY BUGLE, COPYBOY MICKY MORAN READS THE AWFUL STOP-PRESS NEWS...

LOOKS LIKE MIRACLEMAN IS NEEDED IN A HURRY!

...ONLY BUGLE HERE! DISASTER!!

KIMOTA!

SPEAKING THE SECRET KEY HARMONIC OF THE UNIVERSE, MICKY CHANGES..

WOOF

...INTO THE MIGHTY MIRACLEMAN!

I'LL START BY VISITING CORNWALL, WHERE THE FIRST LANDINGS WERE REPORTED...

HE ARRIVES TO FIND YOUNG MIRACLEMAN AND KID MIRACLEMAN FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THE ARMY...

HMM! HOW MANY MORE OF YOU ARE COMING?

TUT-TUT! SHOULD HAVE WORN YOUR HELMETS!

...BUT WITH MIRACLEMAN'S ARRIVAL, THE FUTURISTIC INVADERS ARE DRIVEN BACK AND FINALLY SUBDUED.

THOSE ARE THE LAST TWO. GOSH, MIRACLEMAN, YOU'RE TOPS!

THE ARMY CAN PUT THESE GOONS UNDER GUARD. WE'VE GOT OTHER NATIONS TO LIBERATE!

YOUNG, YOU HANDLE ROME! KID... TAKE CARE OF WASHINGTON!

YOU CAN LEAVE MOSCOW TO ME!

BUT, ONCE THE MIRACLEMEN HAVE DEPARTED...

HA HA! THESE GUARDS WEREN'T EXPECTING TO BE BOMBARDED WITH RARE MAGNETIC GASES FROM OUR SECRET VIDEO RINGS!

THERE! THEY'RE ALL UNCONSCIOUS!

NOW LET US DEVASTATE THEIR CAMP IN THE NAME OF THE SCIENCE GESTAPO!

WITH THOSE THREE OUT OF THE WAY THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY...

HAVING SUBDUED THE INVADERS IN OTHER TROUBLE SPOTS, THE MARVEL-MAN FAMILY RETURN TO SEE RENEWED FIGHTING!

HOLY MACARONI! GARRER MUST HAVE BROKEN FREE, OR MORE OF THEM MUST HAVE LANDED!

THE ARMY HASN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THE INVADERS' WEAPONS!

BANG!

BOOM!

WE'LL SPLIT UP! YOU TAKE THE LEFT FLANK, THE KID WILL TAKE THE RIGHT...

WITH *YOU* IN THE *CENTRE*! MICKY, THAT'S A *MARVELLOUS* IDEA!

GOOD LUCK, BOYS! WE'LL GIVE THEM A DRUBBING THIS TIME THAT THEY WON'T FORGET IN A HURRY!

WE'LL KNOCK THEM BACK YEARS INTO THE FUTURE!

BUT, AS *GARRER* SEES *MIRACLEMAN* APPROACH...

HAH! I'LL *OUTSMART* HIM YET! BLOW UP OUR CHRONO-CRUISERS!

IMMEDIATELY, ALL THE MACHINES ARE DESTROYED!

BOOM

WHAT'S THE IDEA BEHIND DESTROYING YOUR *SHIPS*! YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK TO *1981*!

EXACTLY! WE ARE STRANDED IN YOUR TIME, AND COMPLETELY INDESTRUCTIBLE! AS MORE AND MORE OF MY MEN ARRIVE, THEY WILL DESTROY THEIR SHIPS, TOO!

JUST THEN THE BOYS ARRIVE FROM THE FLANKS WITH BAD NEWS...

WE'RE UP AGAINST A BRICK WALL! AS FAST AS WE KNOCK THEM DOWN, THEY GET UP!

WHAT CAN WE DO TO PUT THESE GUYS DOWN?

HMM! I'VE AN IDEA. NOW LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY...

KID, YOU STAY HERE AND DO WHAT YOU CAN, WHILE WE GO FORWARD TO THE FUTURE, TO THEIR POINT OF DEPARTURE!

OKAY, M-M! WHATEVER YOU *SAY*!

WE'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS WE CAN, KID!

GOOD LUCK! I'LL DO WHAT I CAN THIS END!

THE KID DIVES BACK INTO THE FRAY!

THAT'S FOR YOU, GARRER! YOU MAY BE INDESTRUCTIBLE — BUT YOU CAN STILL *FEEL* THIS!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS? IT'S MY CROSS DOUBLE PUNCH!

MEANWHILE, THE OTHER TWO RACE FORWARD IN TIME AT *ATOMIC SPEED*...

WELL, MICKY? IS THIS THE YEAR WE *WANT*?

YES, IT'S *1981*... LOOK AT THOSE *UGLY BUILDINGS*!

RIGHT! DOWN WE *GO*!

PLUS, I THINK I SEE GARRER'S *TIME MACHINES* BENEATH US! WE'VE ARRIVED *BEFORE* THEY EMBARKED FOR *1956*!

SOON THEY REACH GARRER'S LAUNCHING SITE...

WE'RE RIGHT ON TIME! THEY'RE PREPARING TO TAKE OFF!

...SHALL WILT BEFORE OUR ONSLAUGHT! SO LET'S GO!

OKAY, YOUNG, WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY EVERY ONE OF THOSE MACHINES!

TSK, TSK! THIS PLACE IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A JUNKYARD!

THAT PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCH TO THE LAST ONE! THEY'RE BEYOND REPAIR!

WE'VE HALTED THE INVASION FROM THE FUTURE BEFORE IT'S EVEN **BEGUN!**

GARRER IS FURIOUS!

WH-WHAT ARE THOSE STRANGE **BEINGS?** THEY'VE DESTROYED OUR **CHRONO-CRUISERS!** I'LL **BUTCHER** THEM FOR THIS!

BUT.....

TAKE **THAT**, YOU DESPICABLE, POWER-MAD **BRUTE!** IT'S TIME FOR THE **BUTCHER** TO '**MEAT**' HIS **MATCH!**

TUT-TUT! LOOK AT GARRER, THE WOULD-BE CONQUEROR!

THEN THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER ARRIVE AND TAKE THE RENEGADES INTO CUSTODY...

I'M THE COMMANDER, TWELFTH AREA, WORLD POLICE. THANKS, FRIEND!

NO, THANK YOU! JUST TAKE GOOD CARE OF GARRER!

WE WILL! THE **SCIENCE GESTAPO** HAVE THREATENED OUR SOCIETY HERE IN 1981 FOR **TOO LONG!** NOW, THANKS TO **YOU**, IT CAN BE THE **UTOPIA** IT WAS **MEANT** TO BE!

SOUNDS **GOOD**. I HOPE I LIVE TO **SEE** IT!

NOW, IF YOU'LL **EXCUSE** US, WE'LL BE GETTING BACK TO **1956!**

I WONDER WHAT THE RESULT WILL BE NOW THAT WE'VE STOPPED THEIR ORIGINAL DEPARTURE?

AND, BACK IN THE PRESENT DAY...

HEY! ONE MINUTE I'M FIGHTING DOZENS OF **MEN**, THE NEXT MINUTE THEY'VE ALL **VANISHED!**

THIS IS **CRAZIER** THAN SOME OF **DR. GARGUNZA'S** STUNTS!

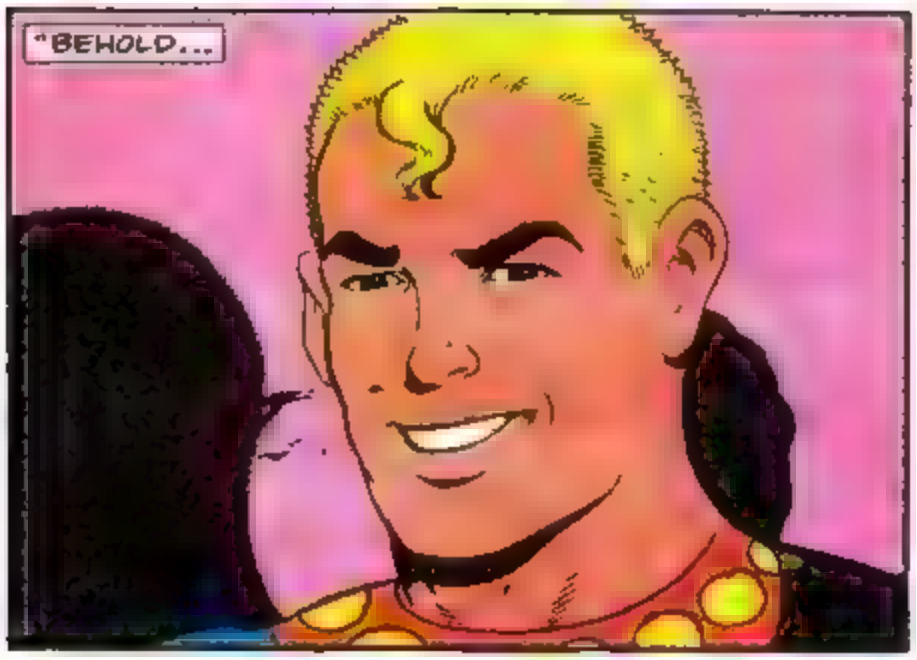
FINALLY, WHEN THE **MIRACLEMAN FAMILY** ARE **TOGETHER** AGAIN...

S-SO... **GARRER** WAS NEVER **HERE**, BECAUSE HE NEVER LEFT 1981! IT SOUNDS **UNBELIEVABLE...**

MAYBE **SO**, KID, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT **WAS...**

...OR **WAS** IT?

HA HA HA HA HA!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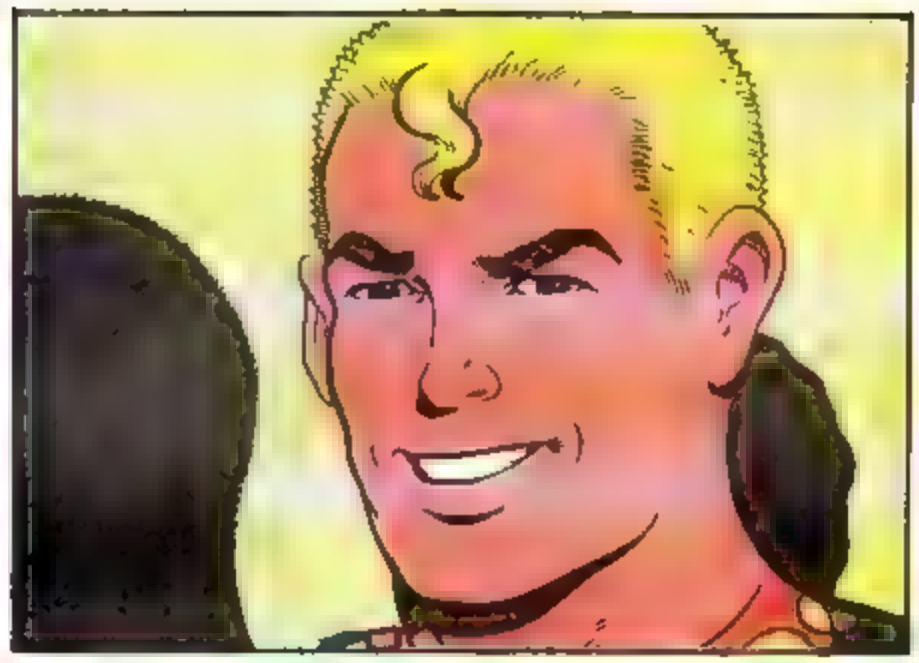
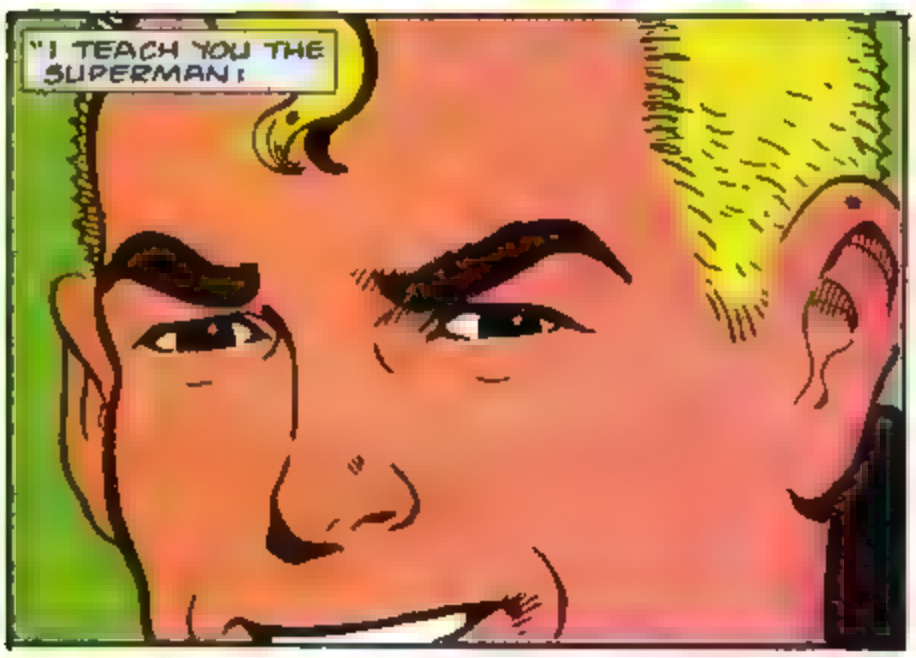
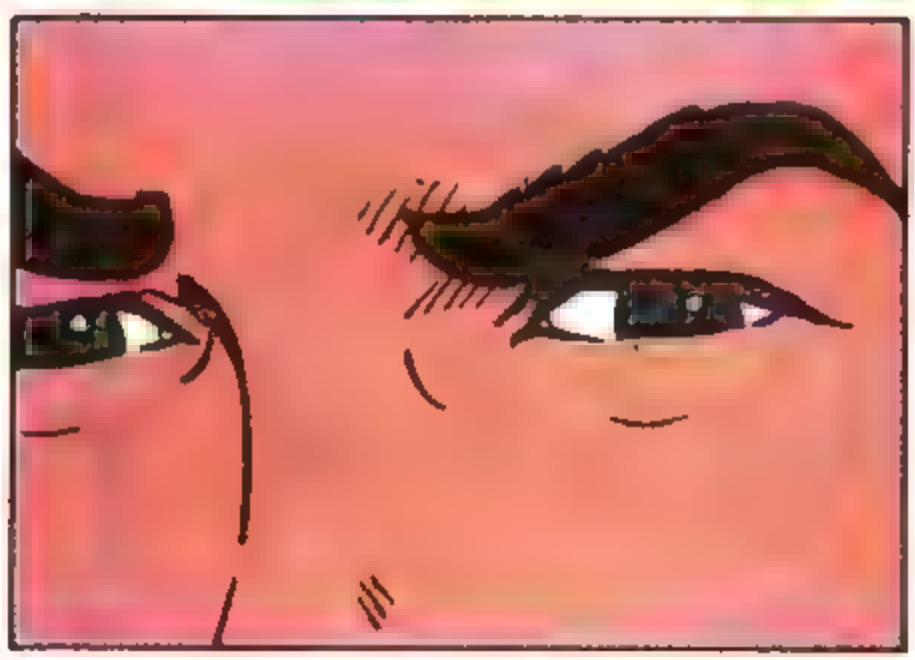
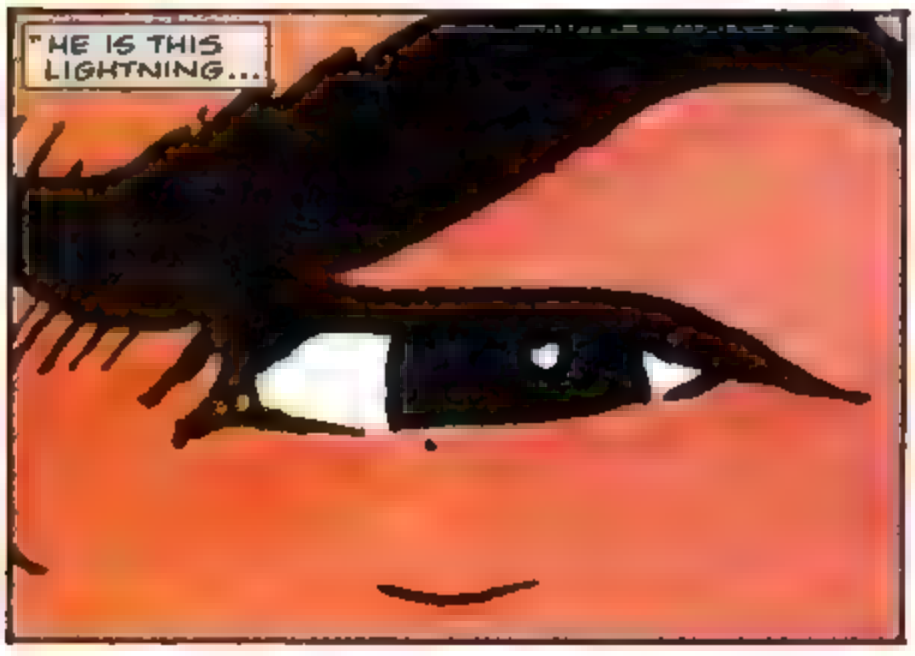



"I TEACH YOU THE SUPERMAN!

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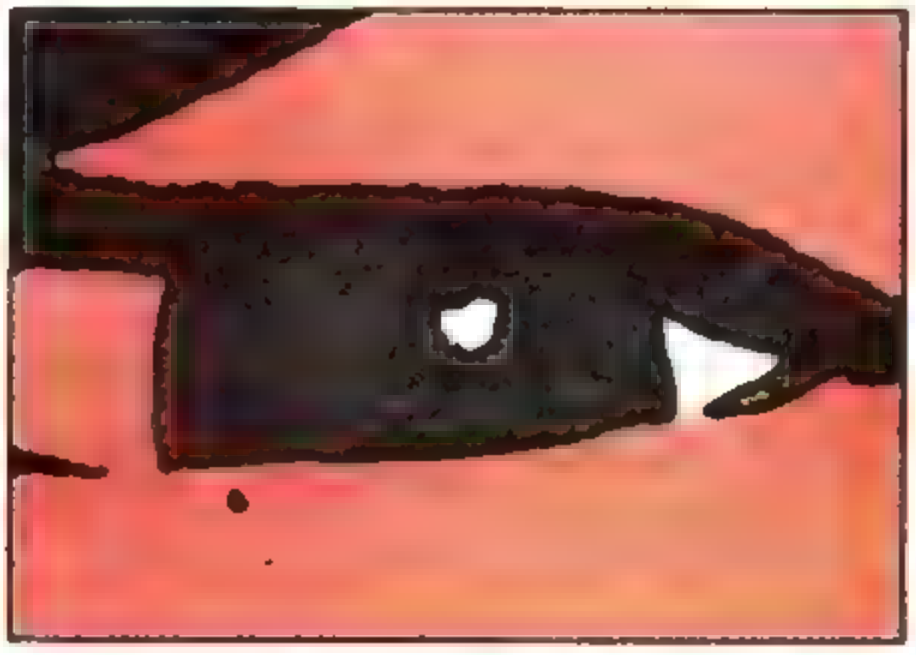


"HE IS THIS MADNESS!"

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE, 'THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.'

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 2: 1982 PROLOGUE

IN THE SODIUM-LIT HOUR BEFORE DAWN THE GREAT TRUCKS ROLL NORTH SOME CARRY BREAKFAST CEREAL AND SOME CARRY BALL-BEARINGS. SOME ARE EMPTY.

AND SOME ARE NOT.

YEAH BUT LIKE WILL THE GUYS BE ALRIGHT BACK THERE STEVE? I MEAN

YOU MEAN YOU'RE LOSING YOUR BOTTLE TREVOR ME OLD SON. 'COURSE THEY'LL BE ALRIGHT

IT'S THE PLUTONIUM THAT'S BOTHERING YOU ENNIT? LISTEN WE LIFT IT WE SELL IT, AND WE HOP IT NO BIG DEAL, TREV NO BIG DEAL AT ALL

YEAH BUT NUKES MAN I MEAN I THOUGHT WE'D BE SELLING ARMS TO LIKE THE PEOPLE NUKES ARE REALLY HEAVY KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

TREVOR MATE, YOU'RE TALKING THROUGH YOUR POSTERIOR! I MET A YANK IN ANGOLA WHO SAID HE'S SEEN ONE GO UP AT YUCCA FLATS.

HE SAID IT WAS BLOODY FANTASTIC! HE SAID "STEVE, MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY." AIN'T THAT A NICE WAY OF PUTTING IT?

UHH RIGHT

"MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY!" HA HA! HE WAS A COMEDIAN AND NO MISTAKE NICE CHAP. THE COMMUNISTS SHOT HIM SHAME REALLY

YEAH

CHRIST THIS GUY'S A PSYCHO!

THROUGH THE COLD GREY DAWN THE TRUCKS HEAD NORTH AND SOMEWHERE NOT FAR AWAY MICHAEL MORAN IS SCREAMING

MICHAEL MORAN IS HAVING THE DREAM AGAIN IT ISN'T A GOOD DREAM

EDITOR DEZ SKINN
STORY ALAN MOORE
ART GARRY LEACH
LETTERS G. GEORGE

A DREAM OF FLYING

IT'S A DREAM OF SNOW AND OF FIREBALLS A DREAM OF DEATH AND NUMBING VERTIGO ..

THERE IS NO FEAR AT FIRST... ONLY THE EERIE KEENING OF THE WIND, THE SWIRLING, SILENT BLIZZARD AND THE COLD, SHARP THRILL OF ACTIVITY . .

HE IS NOT ALONE LIKE FIREBIRDS IN RED AND YELLOW, TWO OTHER FIGURES SOAR BESIDE HIM HE CANNOT SEE THEIR FACES /

HIS POWER COURSES THROUGH HIS VEINS LIKE MOLTEN SILVER HIS MUSCLES MOVE WITH PRECISE GRACE BENEATH HIS SKIN HE KNOWS HE IS INVINCIBLE

. IT IS THEN THAT HE SEES THE VAST GREY SHAPE THAT FLOATS IN THE CHURNING WHITE IT IS THEN THAT THE FEAR STARTS

CONTEMPTUOUS OF GRAVITY, IT HANGS IN EMPTY SPACE BEFORE THEM LIKE A MASSIVE, BLOATED SPIDER. FILTHY WITH SOOT AND OIL IT STAINS THE AIR...

THE FEAR IS THERE COILED IN HIS STOMACH AS HE WATCHES UNABLE TO LOOK AWAY. THE SPIDER IS LAYING AN EGG / AN EGG THAT BURNS LIKE THE SUN

HE SEES HIS FRIEND, THE ONE IN RED. SOMETHING BAD IS HAPPENING TO HIM .. FIRST HE FLICKERS, A STROBING DOPPLER-IMAGE AGAINST THE SNOW

...AND THEN THERE IS ONLY THE INFERNO ABOUT HIM AS HE FALLS INEXPLICABLY, A WORD FORMS ON SCORCHED LIPS ... A DREAM WORD WITH ALIEN SYLLABLES ..

LIKE GAUDY INCAUTIOUS MOTHS HIS COMPANIONS PLUNGE TOWARDS THE HORROR, LEAVING HIM IN THEIR WAKE CAN'T THEY SEE ? DON'T THEY KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT ?

THE SKY CATCHES FIRE AND HE IS SCREAMING / SCREAMING AND BURNING...

...AND THEN HE EXPLODES !!

THE LAST THING HE HEARS IS THE SOUND OF THUNDER...

NOOOOO

MNUH

MIKE ? MIKE... WHAT'S WRONG ??

I HAD THE DREAM AGAIN, LIZ. I'M SORRY I WOKE YOU ...

OH MIKE

OH CHRIST I GOT A MIGRAINE TOO...

SHALL I PHONE THE PAPER AND TELL THEM YOU CAN'T MAKE THE LARKSMERE ASSIGNMENT ? MAYBE THEY COULD SEND SOMEBODY ELSE

IT'S TOO LATE TO DO THAT ANYWAY, I MAKE LITTLE ENOUGH OUT OF THIS FREELANCE JOURNALISM AS IT IS. .

I CAN'T AFFORD TO THROW WORK AWAY JUST BECAUSE I'VE GOT A HEADACHE

IT'S NOT JUST THE HEADACHES, MIKE WHAT ABOUT THE DREAMS ? YOU'VE BEEN HAVING THEM FOR YEARS ! MAYBE IF YOU JUST BLOWED DOWN A LITTLE

LIZ, WE'VE THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE YOUR JOB NEARLY KEEPS US BOTH AS IT IS I SHOULD BE THE ONE WHO EARNS THE MONEY NOT YOU.

THE DREAMS DON'T MATTER, ANYWAY

THAT'S A SILLY ATTITUDE, MIKE IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO EARNS THE MONEY AS LONG AS...

LIZ, PLEASE ! I KNOW YOU MEAN WELL, BUT I'D JUST AS SOON DROP THE SUBJECT.

, ANYWAY, I'D BETTER GET GOING IF I WANT TO [redacted] I'VE GOT TO CATCH AN EARLY...

...TRAIN NOW STANDING AT PLATFORM SEVEN WILL BE LEAVING FOR THE LAKE DISTRICT AT 6:45 PASSENGERS FOR OXENHOLME SHOULD...

I SHOULDN'T HAVE JUST SLOUCHED OUT LIKE THAT LIZ IS RIGHT . I'M NOT IN ANY SHAPE FOR WORK TODAY. THE MIGRAINE I COULD JUST ABOUT TAKE BUT NOT THE DREAM.

WHY CAN'T I FIGURE OUT WHAT IT MEANS ?? RECURRING DREAMS MUST MEAN SOMETHING. IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER THAT DAMN WORD.

KIMONO ? NO. KOMODO ? NO. KRAKATOA ? NO. JESUS, THIS HEADACHE. I HOPE IT'S GONE BEFORE I ARRIVE AT...

LARKSMERE LAKELAND PARADISE OR H-BOMB HELL ??

HOW'S THAT FOR A HEADLINE ? I'M WASTED AS A PHOTOGRAPHER I COULD HAVE WON THE PULITZER FOR MY CAPTIONS DON'T YOU THINK SO ?

OH YEAH RIGHT YOU WERE THINKING ABOUT YOUR STORY ANGLE IF I WAS YOU. I'D INTERVIEW SOME OF THEM FRIENDS OF THE EARTH GOOD COPY, THAT

ALWAYS GO FOR HUMAN INTEREST ! SAY PICK OUT THE LOONIES AND INTERVIEW EM.

UH ? SORRY PAUL .. I WASN'T LISTENING.

JUST OUT ABSORBIN' ☢ SOME RADIATION !

PAUL I'VE GOT A HEADACHE I'M TRYING TO COVER THE OPENING IN MY OWN WAY AND I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D

LIKE THOSE GUYS THERE WITH THE MACHINE GUNS

MACHINE GUNS ?? I CAN'T SEE ANY

MACHINE GUNS

ALRIGHT IF ANY OF YOU SECURITY PEOPLE START ACTING UP, WE FIRE ON THE CROWD.

DROP YOUR GUNS AND THERE'LL BE NO VIOLENCE.

GOOD!

NOW I'D LIKE EVERYONE TO SIT DOWN WITH THEIR HANDS ON THEIR HEADS. IF YOU FEEL THE URGE TO SCRATCH OR STRETCH I'D ADVISE YOU TO [redacted] IT

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESS WILL ESCORT US INTO THE POWER STATION

IF EVERYONE BEHAVES, THEY'LL ESCORT US OUT AGAIN, TOO

HEY AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS I DEMAND TO KNOW WHATS GOING ON MAN

UHH. YOU'LL FIND OUT AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE INSIDE NOW MOVE IT MAN, OR I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT YOU

PRESS CONFERENCE ?? [redacted] PEOPLE ??

INSIDE

GENTLEMEN YOU ARE PRIVILEGED TO BE PRESENT AT A HISTORIC OCCASION THE WORLD'S FIRST PLUTONIUM HI-JACK

THE PUBLICITY ANGLE IS VERY IMPORTANT WE WILL LEAVE HERE IN TEN MINUTES WITH A NUMBER OF PLUTONIUM ISOTOPES NOBODY WILL STOP US!

THE PLUTONIUM EASILY ENOUGH TO MAKE A SCORE OF HYDROGEN BOMBS, WILL BE AUCTIONED AMONGST THE WORLD'S TERRORIST ORGANIZATIONS!

A LITTLE LESS NOISE PLEASE I WANT YOU TO HEAR ALL THE DETAILS SO THAT YOU CAN CONVEY THEM TO YOUR EDITORS TO YOUR READERS AND TO OUR PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMERS

THE WORDS CLATTER THE MIGRAINE BITES DOWN. THE ROOM BEGINS TO SPIN

ALL AROUND HIM THERE ARE VOICES SOME PLEADING, SOME ANGRY

HEY THIS MAN'S SICK! HE NEEDS SOME AIR!

HE'S RIGHT STEVE THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA DIE WE BETTER GET HIM OUTSIDE

AND THEN HE IS BEING MANHANDLED DOWN A CORRIDOR HE FEELS DIZZY THERE IS FEAR IN HIS STOMACH

THIS SICK ACT BETTER NOT BE A SNOW-JOB, CHUM. YOU UNDERSTAND?

IT REMINDS HIM OF THE DREAM

SNOW

HE'S DRAGGED THROUGH A SWING DOOR GLASS GLINTS, A LEGEND FLICKERS OUT FROM THE HAZE.

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY ATOMIC POWER STATION

SUDDENLY THE WORD IS THERE, SWIMMING BEFORE HIM, BLURRED THROUGH THE FOG OF PAIN AND NAUSEA, BUT AS RECOGNISABLE AS DESTINY

KIMOTA

HIS LIPS MOVE. THE WORD IS BARELY A WHISPER ...

KIMOTA

THE WHISPER IS DROWNED BY THE THUNDER! THE SCREAMS OF THE MAN CALLED STEVE ARE LOST IN THE SUDDEN FLOOD OF LIGHT ...

VRAOOOM

HIS FACE IS SEARED AND BLISTERED! HIS EARDRUMS HAVE BURST..

..HIS EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY!

OH JEEEZUS !!
JESUS, I'M BLIND!!
I CAN'T SEE !!!
OHH JEEZUS!

JESUS JESUS

STEVE ??
STEVE, MAN, ARE YOU ALRIGHT ?? LIKE WE HEARD THAT BANG, AND WE

. UHH.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU ??

ME?
I'M... MIRACLEMAN
I'M MIRACLEMAN!!

I REMEMBER NOW..

MIRACLEMAN UHH RIGHT

UH OKAY MIRACLEMAN. LET'S KEEP THIS COOL LIKE JUST TELL US WHAT YOU DID TO STEVE, AND LIKE, WE WON'T HURT YOU

NO YOU WON'T HURT ME I'M MIRACLEMAN!

BADDUUCK

BADDUUCK

I SAID STAY BACK!! YOU THINK I'M STUPID MAN?? YOU'RE WITH THE S.A.S. RIGHT? WELL I AIN'T SCARED O' YOU PEOPLE! YOU'RE PIGS

AND PIGS GET..

...BARBECUED!!

KA-ZING

ZING

ZING

OH JESUS, LOOK AT HIM!! I'M SHOOTING HIM AND HE'S SMILING!! HA HA HAA! THIS ISN'T HAPPENING! THIS GUY IS NOT HUMAN!!

THAT'S RIGHT I'M NOT HUMAN.

WAOOOMM

I'M MIRACLEMAN!

HE SWINGS HIS HANDS TOGETHER AND THUNDER BURSTS FROM BETWEEN THEM

AND THEN THERE IS SILENCE

DEATHLY SILENCE

EIGHTEEN YEARS. EIGHTEEN YEARS, TRAPPED IN THAT OLD TIRED BODY IT DOESN'T MATTER.

I'M MIRACLEMAN...
I'M BACK!!
IT'S OVER NOW!
THE BEGINNING..

AND NEWS IS COMING IN OF EVENTS REPORTED TO HAVE HAPPENED THIS MORNING AT THE OPENING OF A **NUCLEAR POWER STATION** IN THE **LAKE DISTRICT.** AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE BY A GROUP OF ARMED MEN TO STEAL A LARGE QUANTITY OF PLUTONIUM FROM THE STATION WHICH IS SITUATED AT **LARKSMERE**...

ALTHOUGH REPORTS ARE YET TO BE CONFIRMED, IT APPEARS THAT MANY OF THE TERRORISTS ARE NOW IN HOSPITAL SUFFERING FROM SEVERE CONCUSSION ONE OF THE RAIDERS A MAN IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES IS SAID TO HAVE SECOND DEGREE BURNS AS YET THESE INJURIES ARE INEXPLICABLE

A NUMBER OF WITNESSES AT THE SITE CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN A **MAN-LIKE OBJECT** RISING INTO THE SKY AT A TREMENDOUS SPEED. EXPERTS HAVE INDICATED THAT THIS WAS PROBABLY AN EXAMPLE OF MASS HYSTERIA BROUGHT ON BY THE TENSE NATURE OF THE SITUATION

A FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE SITE, MR PAUL DUNCAN SUBMITTED A PICTURE OF WHAT DOES APPEAR TO BE A HUMAN FIGURE IN FLIGHT ALTHOUGH

?YAWN? **MIKE?** THAT **YOU?**

I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF . I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN HOW DID IT GO UP AT LARKSMERE?

OH MY GOD! WH-WHO ARE **YOU?!**

LISTEN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT BUT MY **HUSBAND** WILL BE BACK AT ANY MOMENT! HE HE'S

HE LOOKS LIKE A **GOD** THE WORDS DRY UP TURNING TO **ASH** IN HER MOUTH

MIRACLEMAN

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 3

YOUR HUSBAND **IS** BACK

IT'S **ME**, LIZ IT'S **MIKE.**

LISTEN, YOU'VE GOT **ONE MINUTE** TO GET **OUT** OF HERE BEFORE I CALL THE **POLICE!**

SHE'S **DREAMING** EVEN AS SHE BACKS AWAY, SHE **KNOWS** SHE'S DREAMING

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?? YOURE NOT MY [illegible]

NO HE ISN'T HE CAN T BE AND YET

LOOK AT ME, LIZ

NOT MY BODY, LOOK AT ME

AND YET THE VOICE THE EYES

IT HAS BEEN SIXTEEN YEARS SINCE LIZ SULLIVAN MARRIED MICHAEL MORAN

SHE KNOWS HIM WITH HER EYES HER EARS HER BODY . SHE KNOWS HIM .

AND YET

M-MIKE??

MIKE, WHAT S HAPPENED TO YOU??

HE HOLDS HER AND HIS TOUCH IS AS FRICTIONLESS AS MERCURY THE RESTRAINED POWER IN HIS ARMS MAKES HER FEEL LIKE GLASS

SIT DOWN I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE

TH-THANK YOU

" I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE " THE WORDS ARE SO MUNDANE SO REASSURINGLY NORMAL YET HE LOOKS LIKE A GOD

OVER COFFEE

OKAY WHEREVER I START THIS WILL SOUND UNBELIEVABLE, SO I MAY AS WELL GO STRAIGHT IN AT THE DEEP END... WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN IN 1954, I WAS WORKING AS A COPY BOY FOR A PAPER CALLED THE DAILY BUGLE

I WORKED HARD AND MADE A LITTLE MONEY, AND ONE NIGHT...

" I HAD A VISION " HIS VOICE IS LIKE A POOL OF GOLD . DAZZLING, MESMERIC AS HE DESCRIBES THAT DREAMLIKE EVENING, TWENTY SEVEN YEARS PAST, HIS VISION BECOMES HERS. .

SHE SEES THE BOY **COWERING** BEFORE THE **IMPOSSIBLE SPECTRE** THAT HAD CONJURED ITSELF FROM THE NIGHT

GREETINGS, MICKEY MORAN! I AM GUNTAG BORGHELM!

I AM AN ASTRO-PHYSICIST WHOSE STUDIES HAVE TAKEN HIM FAR BEYOND THE DULL CONCERNS OF MERE MORTALS.

THE KEY HARMONIC OF THE UNIVERSE IS MINE TO COMMAND .. A WORD WHICH WHEN SPOKEN BESTOWS GODLIKE POWER UPON THE SPEAKER. THIS IS MY GIFT TO MANKIND

YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN, MICKEY MORAN! FOR YOUR COURAGE FOR YOUR HONESTY. SPECIAL POWERS ARE YOURS TO BE USED FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY!

HOLY MACARONI!

B-BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME?

YOU NEED ONLY SPEAK THE WORD "KIMOTA!"

K-KIMOTA??

IN HER VISION SHE HEARS THE DEAFENING PEAL OF **THUNDER** FEELS THE WIND FROM **BEYOND** LASH THE BOY'S TREMBLING BODY SHE SEES HIM **TRANSFORMED**

IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** I'M. I'M .

WHAT **AM** I?

YOU ARE **MIRACLEMAN.** CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND ENEMY OF EVIL! USE YOUR POWERS WISELY, MY SON, FOR NOW I MUST BID YOU ... FAREWELL!

" AND THEN HE WAS **GONE** IT WAS LIKE COMING OUT OF A **DREAM** BUT I HAD **PROOF** THAT IT HAD BEEN REAL"

"I FOUND I COULD **FLY**, THAT I HAD **TREMENDOUS STRENGTH** I WAS **INVULNERABLE** TO ALL HARM I WAS **MIRACLEMAN!!**

LIZ? YOU'RE **LAUGHING.** WHAT'S WRONG?

I'M **SORRY,** MIKE BUT THAT'S SUCH A BLOODY **STUPID** STORY!

CAN'T YOU **SEE** IT? AN '**ASTRO PHYSICIST**' POPS UP AND TELLS YOU THE '**KEY HARMONIC OF THE UNIVERSE**'... WHICH JUST **HAPPENS** TO TURN YOU INTO A **MUSCLE-MAN IN A BLUE LEOTARD**? I'M SORRY, MIKE, I REALLY AM, BUT THAT'S JUST SO **STUPID**!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT ACTUALLY **SAYING** IT OUT LOUD LIKE THAT, IT DOES SOUND.. WELL.. PRETTY **UNLIKELY** I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT **BEFORE**, BUT I **HAD** TO BELIEVE IT DON'T YOU **SEE**? I **WAS** MIRACLEMAN!! I **WAS** A BEING OF ALMOST UNLIMITED POWER!! **AND** I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WITHIN A YEAR I WAS JOINED BY ANOTHER YOUNG MAN WITH '**ATOMIC POWERS**' LIKE MINE HIS NAME WAS **DICKY DAUNTLESS**...

OH, MIKE! DICKY **DAUNTLESS**?? THAT WAS HIS **NAME**?? COME OFF IT!

I-I'M SORRY. PLEASE GO ON

"YOU'RE LAUGHING AGAIN.

"DICKY ONLY HAD TO SAY THE WORD '**MIRACLEMAN**' AND HE BECAME **YOUNG MIRACLEMAN**. HE HAD POWERS LIKE MINE HE WAS MY **FRIEND**"

"WE FOUGHT CRIME TOGETHER UNTIL **1956** WHEN WE WERE JOINED BY..."

MIRACLEDOG?

LIZ, **PLEASE**.' THIS MAY, DAMN IT, THIS **DOES** SOUND SILLY IN 1982, BUT IN THE FIFTIES IT MADE **PERFECT** SENSE. THIS IS HOW I **REMEMBER** IT. THIS IS HOW IT **HAPPENED**.

IN 1956 WE WERE JOINED BY **JOHNNY BATES** HE WAS A LITTLE KID OF MAYBE SEVEN OR EIGHT WHEN HE SAID MY NAME HE BECAME **KID MIRACLE-MAN** THEY CALLED US THE **MIRACLEMAN FAMILY**.

"DURING THE YEARS WE WERE TOGETHER WE FOUGHT THE STRANGEST VILLAINS OF ALL TIME"

"VILLAINS LIKE THE **FIREFLIES** AND **YOUNG NASTYMAN**.. DON'T SAY A WORD.. AND THE MOST TROUBLESOME OF THE LOT, THE FREAKISH DWARF GENIUS CALLED **DOCTOR GARGUNZA**"

"TIME AND TIME AGAIN WE THWARTED HIS INSANE PLANS AND JAILED HIM BUT SOMEHOW HE ALWAYS CAME **BACK**"

"AND YET HE NEVER DID ANYTHING REALLY **EVIL**.."

"IT WAS ALMOST AS IF WE WERE ALL PLAYING A **GAME**. A GAME WHICH **NEITHER** SIDE TOOK ENTIRELY **SERIOUSLY**."

THEN HOW DO YOU EXPECT **ME** TO? LOOK I'LL **ACCEPT** THE FACT THAT YOU'RE SOMEHOW A **FOOT TALLER**, YOU'RE **TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER** AND YOU'RE **STILL** MY HUSBAND LORD KNOWS **WHY**, I JUST **WILL**.

BUT ALL THIS **OTHER** STUFF **MIRACLEMAN FAMILY? YOUNG NASTYMAN?**

MIKE, IF THERE HAD **REALLY** BEEN A MIRACLEMAN IN THE FIFTIES, WOULDN'T I HAVE **HEARD** ABOUT HIM??

I-I DON'T **KNOW**. MAYBE THEY **HUSHED IT UP** OR SOMETHING, BECAUSE OF

BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED IN 1963

DON'T TELL ME A COUPLE **MORE** MIRACLEBOYS TURNED UP AND YOU FORMED A **FOOTBALL TEAM!**

DAMN YOU, LIZ, YOU'RE LAUGHING AT MY LIFE!!

THE FLOORING IS **SOLID OAK**. HE SPLINTERS IT TO **MATCHWOOD**...

AND SHE BELIEVES

I'M SORRY I D DIDN'T REALISE WHEN I SAW YOU

IT DOESN'T MATTER EVEN IF ALL I'VE SAID **SO FAR** SOUNDS LIKE A **JOKE**, WHAT HAPPENED IN 63 MOST DEFINITELY **WASN'T**.

"IT WAS ONE DAY IN OCTOBER WHEN THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY RECEIVED THE ALERT **GARGUNZA** HAD SOME KIND OF **SKY FORTRESS** HOVERING OVER THE **NORTH SEA**."

"WE SAW THE FORTRESS, HANGING IN THE SKY LIKE SOME BLOATED **SPIDER** STRAIGHT AWAY MY FLESH BEGAN TO CRAWL SOMETHING WAS **HORRIBLY WRONG**."

"I HUNG BACK I **KNEW** THERE WAS SOMETHING **TERRIBLE** CONCEALED IN THAT THING. SOMETHING THAT COULD **HURT** US I **TRIED** TO WARN THE OTHERS BUT IT WAS NO USE."

"IT WAS **SNOWING** AS WE SET OFF SNOWING **HARD** BUT WE WERE IN HIGH SPIRITS IT WAS A **GAME**, JUST LIKE OUR **OTHER** ADVENTURES NO-ONE EVER GOT **HURT**."

IT WAS AN **A-BOMB** LIZ AN **A-BOMB!**

IT WASN'T A GAME ANYMORE

"THE BLAST HIT ME . AND IT HURT NOTHING HAD **EVER** HURT ME BEFORE AS I FELL. I STARTED TO BLACK OUT, BUT BEFORE I DID I CAUGHT SIGHT OF **DICKY**. DICKY WITH THE **STUPID** NAME "

WHEN I WOKE UP IT WAS TWO MONTHS LATER. I WAS **MICKEY MORAN** AND I WAS IN **HOSPITAL**. I'D BEEN FOUND IN THE **SUFFOLK MARSHES** WITH **TERRIBLE BURNS** AND MOST OF MY **BONES** BROKEN

I MANAGED TO PIECE MY LIFE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN AS LITTLE MICKEY MORAN...BUT I DIDN'T **REMEMBER** THAT I HAD EVER **BEEN** MIRACLEMAN.. NOT UNTIL NEARLY **TWENTY YEARS LATER**. NOT UNTIL THIS MORNING, AT THE POWER STATION.

"THERE WERE **TWO** OF HIM, **TWO BODIES** CRUSHED INTO **ONE**. AND HE WAS **SCREAMING**. I COULDN'T **HEAR** HIM, BUT HE WAS **SCREAMING**.

THEN THAT **STORY** ON THE NEWS, ABOUT THE **FLYING MAN** ..THAT WAS **YOU**.

DRINK YOUR COFFEE BEFORE IT GETS COLD AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT

. AND AS LIZ MORAN LISTENS EYES WIDE WITH **FEAR** AND **WONDER**, HER COFFEE GROWS COLD ANYWAY. AND SHE **BELIEVES**.

WHILE IN A DARKENED OFFICE NOT TOO FAR AWAY

... PICTURE OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE A HUMAN FIGURE IN FLIGHT, BUT MAY MERELY BE A HURTLING FRAGMENT OF **DEBRIS** CAUSED BY

10:21

MIRACLEMAN!

HE'S BACK!

BACK TO **SPOIL** EVERYTHING!

A DOOR SLAMS SHUT. A T.V BABBLES INTO AN EMPTY ROOM. IT HAS **BEGUN**.

AND MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US ALL

MIRACLEMAN

BOOK ONE CHAPTER 4

THE BRITTLE FEBRUARY SUNLIGHT FALLS ON LIZ MORAN WARM ASLEEP, AND THIRTY SIX YEARS OLD

LIZ MORAN FORMERLY ELIZABETH SULLIVAN LIZ MORAN, PROFESSIONAL ILLUSTRATOR AND DEVOTED WIFE

LIZ MORAN SIXTEEN YEARS A MARRIED LADY HER LIFE IS HAPPY, COMFORTABLE AND RESOLVED

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE LIZ MORAN WAS SURPRISED BY WHO SHE WOKE UP NEXT TO

HER SKIN REMEMBERS A TOUCH THAT CRACKLED LIKE BARE WIRES HER EYES REMEMBER HIS FERIE PHOSPHORESCENT GRACE

SHE REMEMBERS THE NIGHT BEFORE AND SHE BELIEVES

SHE WALKS FROM THE BEDROOM TO THE LOUNGE DRIFTING SMALL FEET SILENT ON THICK CARPET

PAUSING, SHE TOUCHES THINGS

A CHINA ORNAMENT THE POLISHED WOOD OF A TABLETOP TOUCHING SHE RE-ESTABLISHES CONTACT WITH THE WORLD SLOWLY RETRIEVING HER SENSE OF

BRRRRIIINNGG

REALTY

HELLO? YES? YES, THAT'S RIGHT, I'M MRS MORAN. WHO DID YOU SAY?

I'M AFRAID HE'S STILL ASLEEP. DID YOU WANT TO RING BACK OR

NO NO, THAT'S ALL RIGHT

I'LL CALL HIM

MIKE!! HE WON'T BE A MOMENT. I THINK I CAN HEAR HIM GETTING OUT OF

SHRKK

BED.

HE'S UH JUST COMING I'LL HAND YOU OVER TO HIM

HELLO? YEAH, THIS IS MIKE MORAN YES, THAT'S RIGHT LISTEN, I'M SORRY BUT I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME WHO DID

YOU'RE JOKING JOHNNY?! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

HOW DID YOU.. YOU SAW THAT ITEM ON THE NEWS? YEAH, WASN'T IT? BUT HOW DID YOU SURVIVE THAT.

OH, THE PHONE. NO, SURE I UNDERSTAND BUT CAN I SEE YOU YEAH, I KNOW THE PLACE YOU.? YOU OWN IT? JESUS CHRIST. NO, I JUST .. YES. OF COURSE. WE'LL BE OVER IN AN HOUR OR TWO.

BYE

WELL, I THINK WE BETTER SKIP BREAKFAST AND SHOWER READY TO GO OUT WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO LUNCH BY THE PRESIDENT OF SUNBURST CYBERNETICS, A MR. JONATHAN BATES

FORMERLY KID MIRACLEMAN.

"When Johnny comes marching home..."

LATER

THIS IS INCREDIBLE! I MEAN, JUST THAT HE'S STILL ALIVE IS INCREDIBLE BUT OWNING SUNBURST CYBERNETICS INTO THE BARGAIN THAT'S REALLY

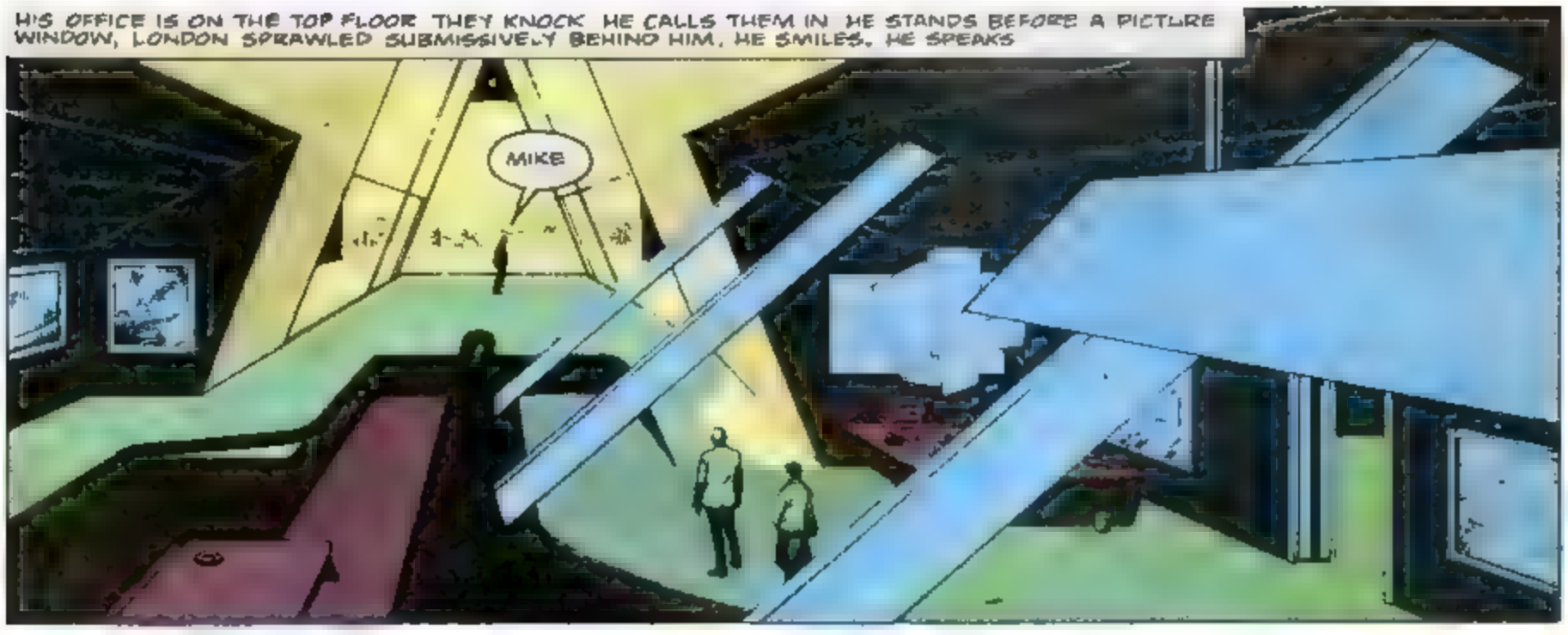
A LOT MORE FUN THAN BEING DEAD

RATS LOOK AT THE SKY I THOUGHT TODAY WAS GOING TO BE NICE...

THUNDERHEADS, IRON-BLACK IN THE BLUE DISTANCE THE AIR IS SUDDENLY DRY AND HEAVY. THE SKY HOLDS ITS BREATH

IT'S COMING THIS WAY AND IT'S A MONSTER

HIS OFFICE IS ON THE TOP FLOOR THEY KNOCK HE CALLS THEM IN HE STANDS BEFORE A PICTURE WINDOW, LONDON SPRAWLED SUBMISSIVELY BEHIND HIM. HE SMILES. HE SPEAKS



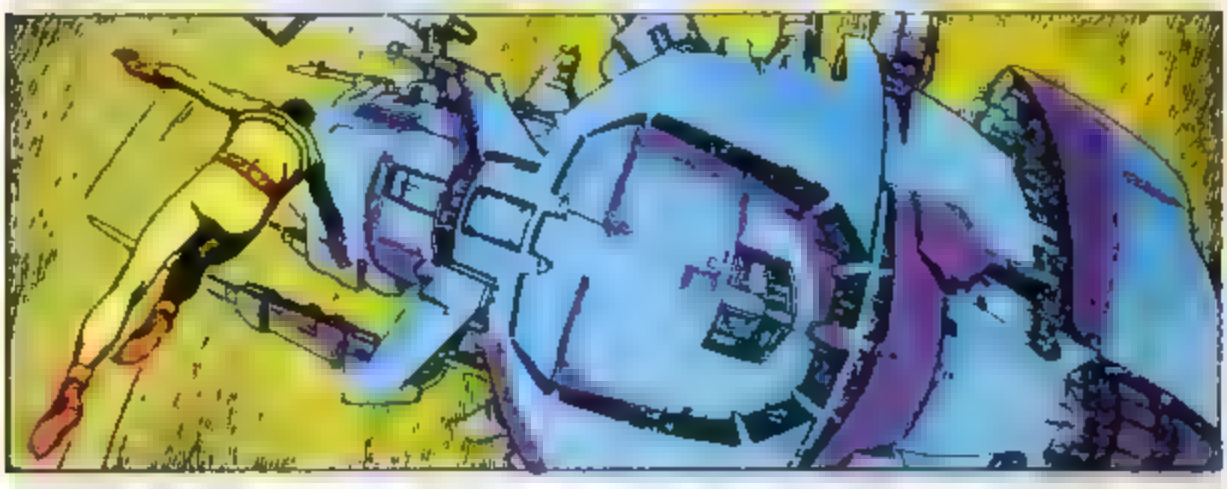
THE CRACKLING DARKNESS ROLLS TOWARDS THEM ACROSS THE SKY LIKE A GREAT BLACK BULL, STUPID WITH PAIN, ITS FLANKS PIERCED BY SILVER DARTS

IT'S COMING THIS WAY...

A GIRL BRINGS THEM BLUE MOUNTAIN COFFEE, AND THEY TALK ABOUT ALL THE STRANGENESS IN THEIR LIVES THEY SPEAK SOFTLY IT'S BEEN EIGHTEEN YEARS

AND FOR ALL THAT TIME YOU HAD NO IDEA WHO YOU REALLY WERE? THAT'S INCREDIBLE
EIGHTEEN YEARS TO THINK IT'S BEEN EIGHTEEN YEARS SINCE THAT DAY WHEN WE ALL FLEW OUT TOGETHER

" INTO THE SNOW OCTOBER THE TWELFTH, 1983 EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO "



"AS I RECALL, I WAS IN THE LEAD. SO I WAS THE FIRST TO APPROACH THE THING I SWOOPED LOW OVER ITS DECKS, LOOKING FOR SOME KIND OF LIFE "

"NOTHING. NO NOISE, NO MOVEMENT JUST SNOW DRIFTING AGAINST GREY STEEL

" AND THEN, SUDDENLY, I GOT A STRANGE TINGLING SENSATION. I KNEW THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE WAS JUST ABOUT TO HAPPEN."

"EVERY NERVE IN MY BODY WAS SCREAMING FOR ME TO GET OUT OF THERE. IN PANIC I VEERED WILDLY UP INTO THE SKY. HIGHER AND HIGHER I CLIMBED. FASTER AND FASTER.."

"I NEARLY DIDN'T MAKE IT"

ONLY I HADN'T LOST MY **MEMORY**. I'D JUST LOST MY POWERS.

FOR SEVEN BRIEF YEARS I'D BEEN SOMETHING MORE THAN HUMAN THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN THE MAGIC WENT AWAY

I WAS HUMAN AGAIN, AND MY FRIENDS WERE DEAD OR SO I THOUGHT IT WAS DIFFICULT TO ADJUST AT FIRST TO BEING AN ORDINARY SIXTEEN YEAR OLD K.D AGAIN BUT I DID I HAD TO

"LIKE YOU, I WOKE UP IN HOSPITAL SEVERAL DAYS LATER, SUFFERING FROM CONCUSSION AND BURNS"

I DISCOVERED I WAS GOOD WITH ELECTRONICS, AND EVENTUALLY DECIDED TO SET UP A SMALL BUSINESS, WORKING FROM RENTED ACCOMODATION IT SAVED MY LIFE

I DID WELL PHENOMENALLY WELL WITHIN SEVEN YEARS I'D MANAGED TO FOUND SUNBURST CYBERNETICS WE'VE BEEN VERY LUCKY WE'VE MADE A LOT OF MONEY

NOW, NINE YEARS LATER, WE HAVE BRANCHES ALL OVER THE GLOBE IRONIC, ISN'T IT? TO HAVE LOST ONE SORT OF POWER ONLY TO FIND ANOTHER?

ONE WHICH HAS ITS RESPONSIBILITIES, I'M AFRAID, LIZ. MIKE. WILL YOU EXCUSE ME FOR FIVE MINUTES? THERE'S SOME LETTERS THAT NEED SIGNING

GO AHEAD, JOHN WE'RE FINE

WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK TO HIM?

WHAT DO YOU **THINK** I THINK? I THINK HE'S FASCINATING, MAGNETIC AND QUITE SEXY IN A SINISTER SORT OF WAY LUCKY FOR YOU I PREFER UGLY MEN

WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE WAS SIXTEEN. HAS HE CHANGED MUCH?

YES YES HE HAS

HE'S CHANGED A LOT

HE RETURNS, HE TALKS ..TALKS WONDERFULLY HIS VOICE IS SOFT AND YET POWERFUL, LIKE THE TREAD OF A STALKING TIGER

UNEASY, MIKE MORAN CAN HEAR IT, PROWLING AROUND THE PERIMETER OF THEIR CONVERSATION. A TIGER, CIRCLING, CLOSING IN

IT'S COMING THIS WAY. AND IT'S A MONSTER...

ANYWAY, ENOUGH ABOUT ME. HOW ABOUT SOME LUNCH?

YEAH, SURE...

UH, LIZ... DO YOU THINK I COULD JUST SPEAK TO JOHN ALONE FOR A MOMENT?

LIZ MORAN NODS, SMILING AS THE TWO MEN STEP OUT ON TO THE BALCONY. SHE WONDERS WHAT MIKE NEEDED TO SAY THAT WAS NOT FOR HER EARS... SUPERHERO TALK.

STORM'S BREWING UP NICELY. IT'S A BEAUTY, ISN'T IT?

JOHN...

JOHN, I LISTENED TO YOUR STORY JUST NOW... RAGS TO RICHES, REDEMPTION THROUGH HONEST TOIL. IT'S A GREAT STORY.

I REALLY WANTED TO BELIEVE IT, JOHN.

"...BUT THEN HALFWAY THROUGH I GOT THIS FUNNY IDEA INTO MY HEAD. I THOUGHT "WHAT IF HE'S LYING?" I TRIED TO GET RID OF IT. I TRIED. BUT I COULDN'T."

"I THOUGHT "WHAT IF HE DIDN'T LOSE HIS POWERS? WHAT IF HE SURVIVED THAT BLAST THAT TOOK OUT ME AND DICKEY AND WAS *STILL* KID MIRACLEMAN?"

I TRIED TO IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD *FEEL* LIKE... TO BE SIXTEEN YEARS OLD AND THE MOST POWERFUL CREATURE ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET...

...AND TO BE ANSWERABLE TO NO-ONE. YOU COULD DO ANYTHING, JOHN. YOU'D NEVER NEED TO TURN BACK TO DULL, WEAK, HUMAN JOHNNY BATES EVER AGAIN.

OH, SURE, YOU COULD TAKE HIS NAME, HIS IDENTITY... BUT YOU COULD STAY AS KID MIRACLEMAN FOREVER. YOU COULD HAVE IT ALL... MONEY, PRESTIGE, FAME...

YOU COULD SEVER ALL YOUR LINKS WITH HUMANITY. YOU COULD BECOME REMORSELESS, UNSTOPPABLE...

...AND TOTALLY CORRUPT. IS THAT IT, JOHN? IS THAT WHAT HAPPENED? YOU'RE STILL KID MIRACLEMAN, AREN'T YOU?

"I CAN TELL BY YOUR VOICE, BY THE WAY YOU STAND... YOU'RE NOT HUMAN, JOHN. I CAN FEEL IT."

TIGER EYES, CIRCLING. DARK CLOUDS GETTING CLOSER...

DARK CLOUDS, SCUDDING INTO HIS MIND, VAST AND SMOTHERING... AND A TIGER VOICE, SOFT IN THE JUDDERING HEART OF THE STORM...

MIKE, YOU'RE BEING PARANOID. YOU SEE THAT, DON'T YOU?

PARANOID? BUT I...I... Y-YES. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. I... DON'T KNOW. SO DIFFICULT TO THINK ALL OF A SUDDEN, SO HARD TO...

JOHN?

J-JOHN... ARE YOU DOING SOMETHING TO MY MIND...?

IT'S HERE, BLACK AND TERRIBLE INSIDE HIS SKULL. ITS TENDRILS ROIL BEHIND HIS EYES, DRAGGING HIM DOWN INTO THE DARK WITH NO DISTRACTIONS.

...NO INTERRUPTIONS.

MIKE, I'M SORRY BUT IF WE DON'T LEAVE SOON THE CAR WILL HAVE A TICKET AND...

THE CLOUDS WITHDRAW, UNCERTAIN, AND FOR A MOMENT THE LIGHT OF REASON FLOODS INTO HIS MIND ONCE MORE. HE SUDDENLY KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO...

MIKE!

MIKE! YOU PUSHED HIM!

YOU PUSHED HIM OVER THE BALCONY!! MIKE? MIKE, WHAT HAVE YOU...

OH...

THE COLD LIGHTNING OF FEAR SKEWERS THEM, AND THEY FEEL THE TERRIBLE HUNGER IN THE HEART OF THE STORM...

OH MY GOD !!

THEY SEE THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE TIGER.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Now you've read the new beginning for Britain's premier super-action hero, Dez Skinn takes you back almost thirty years, to a time of 6d comics, and the creation of the mightiest man in the universe.

Multitudes of super-powered flying heroes have burst into print over the last twenty years. Following the "golden age" of such American wartime heroes, as Superman and Captain America, came an age of peace, when the patriotic super-hero lost ground to crimebusters, western gunfighters and grisly horror comics. The noble, handsome, costumed heroes of modern mythology whose larger-than-life adventures saw print on the monthly four-colour page, began to die in droves. Beings who could move planets and travel through time, who could defeat Nazis, alien monsters and crime czars, suddenly fell victim to an unstoppable menace ... declining sales. By 1954, all but a handful of the American costumed super-heroes had died. From hundreds at their heyday, to under half-a-dozen. It was only in the 1960s that they began to revive.

Meanwhile, across the Atlantic, British comics were moving into a new age with the coming of the 1950s. From the bulk of weekly comics, which were either boys adventure text stories, or cartoon funnies, rose a new star. **The Eagle**. While America had seen its fair share of science fiction comics heroes, dating back as far as the Buck Rogers strip in 1929, it wasn't until April 1950 that British comics saw a worthy counterpart to their American rivals. With Dan Dare, Pilot of the Future, science fiction entered comics in a big way. In fact, the influence was so great and the quality so high in those early Frank Hampson stories that even today Eagle conventions are held and many believe **Eagle** has yet to be surpassed.

Then, on February 3rd, 1954, following a small mention in a previous week's reprint comic, Britain's answer to that other American trend, the super-hero, was born. Obviously influenced by everything that had gone before, Marvelman (and his junior counterpart, Young Marvelman) was a unique blend of science fiction and superhero. Unlike the many Eagle duplicates which were to sprint into life, **Marvelman** was a modest little comic. No full colour photogravure artwork here. The 28 page comic carried no more than flat process colour, and then only on the front cover. Its content, in black and white, was printed on crude bulky newsprint, rather than Eagle's glossy coated art paper. But it sold! While The Flash, Green Lantern, Captain America and The Human Torch were dead or dying, their adventures considered too uninteresting for sale on either side of the Atlantic, Marvelman prospered.

Visually, Marvelman was a step away from the conventional super-hero. Gone was the traditional swirling cape — which may have looked great in print, but always seemed highly impractical. Gone also was the super-patriot image, with Marvelman more likely to face characters out of legend than world war two leftovers and cold war threats. Marvelman set out to have light-hearted adventures, well away from earthier problems. His menaces and perils seemed somehow more gentle and less worrying than most of his American predecessors.

Like many of the more successful ideas, the **Marvelman**, **Young Marvelman** and **Marvelman Family** titles were born out of necessity. L. (Len) Miller & Son Limited was a London-based publisher, which had cornered a market for primarily young western-loving comics readers. The company produced black and white reprints of American comics artwork, with weekly editions including **Hopalong Cassidy**, **Tex Ritter**, **Rocky Lane**, **Lash Larue** and **Tom Mix**, all westerns; plus **Popeye**, **Captain Midnight**, **Spysmasher**, **Captain Video**, various romance titles and the **Captain Marvel**, **Captain Marvel Junior** and **Marvel Family** trio.

As Marvelman creator Mick Anglo recalls, "One day Len (Miller) phoned and said he wanted to see me urgently. His supply of American material for the **Captain Marvel** series had suddenly been cut off. Had I any ideas? As well as producing **Captain Valiant**, **Space Commando** and **Ace Malloy** for the Arnold Book Company, our Gower Street Studio had drawn new covers for many of the Miller reprints. So I quickly told him I had plenty of ideas, and for my trouble I received a regular supply of work for the next six years."

Mick's idea was simplicity itself. "In the last of the Marvel titles, we

...to the eighties!

announced that **Captain Marvel** and **Captain Marvel Junior** were so well known as Marvel-man that in future they would be known by the titles **Marvelman** and **Young Marvelman** and would each have their own comic. The **Marvel Family** title (featuring the heroes in action together) woud henceforth appear as the **Marvelman Family**, in a monthly comic."

Though the key "Marvel" word was retained, new ideas could suddenly be developed. Rather than being limited in choice of material to use by the amount of pages available for reprinting, the only limits were the creators imaginations.

As Mick Anglo explained, "We never used elaborate blow-by-blow scripts for our artists. I credited artists with imagination and did not want to tie them rigidly to tight scripts. Often writers with little conception of an artist's problems would blithely call for a frame, say four inches wide by three inches deep, depicting a crowd scene with a man on the right laughing while reading a book entitled "A Day at the Races with the Right People"; four men in the centre of the scene playing cards, all hands to be shown; two men fighting; and another man handing his son a 1947 threepenny piece to go buy an ice-cream."

Mick would instead suggest a basic plotline to an artist, giving him a specific number of pages to fit the idea into. Once the art was completed, Mick would then write in the actual wording for the letterer. Handling the lettering himself, he confessed he would often be making it up as he went along!

Many of today's top comics creators broke into the industry through Mick's prolific Gower Street Studio and its Marvelman family, including Don (**Trigan Empire**) Lawrence, Ron (**Wicked Wanda**) Embleton, George (**Wes Slade**) Stokes, Denis (**Looks Familiar**) Gifford, and countless others. In fact, it can prove difficult today to find a comics writer or artist who was around in the fifties and hasn't got memories of Mick Anglo and Marvelman.

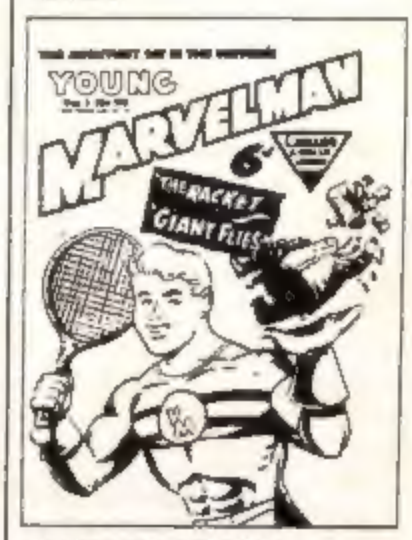
Just as **Eagle** proved to be an insurmountable peak in its field, no comics publisher has yet been able to topple Marvelman from his topspot as Britain's premier super-action hero. And with 346 issues under his belt, plus another 346 issues of **Young Marvelman** and 30 issues of **Marvelman Family**, anyone would be hard-pressed to do so!

NEXT ISSUE **OK – SO WHY MIRACLEMAN?**

MARVELMAN BIBLIOGRAPHY

From 1954 to 1963, L. Miller & Son published a range of titles featuring the Marvelman family of super-action heroes, with all artwork produced by Mick Anglo's Gower Street Studios. The following provides details.

MARVELMAN
February 3, 1954 to February, 1963. 345 issues. Weekly from first issue (numbered 25) to 335. Issues 336 to 370 published monthly, reprinting earlier stories.



YOUNG MARVELMAN
February 3, 1954 to February, 1963, 346 issues. Weekly from first issue (numbered 24) to 336. Issues 337 to 370 published monthly, reprinting earlier stories.

MARVELMAN FAMILY
October 1956 to November 1959. 30 issues. Published monthly. Contents feature a "family" adventure, with Marvelman, Young Marvelman and Kid Marvelman, plus Marvelman back-up stories and/or Young Marvelman back-up story.

ANNUALS AND ALBUMS
Marvelman Annuals (hardback): 1954 to 1961 (8 issues). Marvelman Albums (softback, spiral-bound): 1961 to 1963 (2 issues). Young Marvelman Annuals (hardback): 1954 to 1961 (8 issues). Young Marvelman Albums (softback, spiral-bound): 1961 and 1963 (2 issues).

A wide range of toys and games were also created, and 6 painting books featuring the whole Marvelman family.